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HARMONIES OF PRAISE

FOR A JUNIOR
CONGREGATION



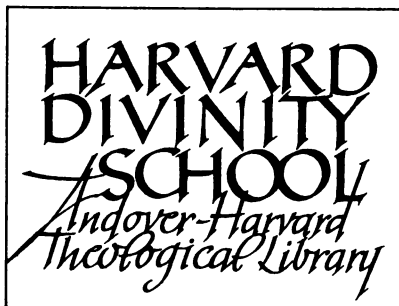
EDITED AND COMPILED BY

BENJ. M. CHASE

1233 57th Street

BROOKLYN, N. Y.

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OF CONCORD, MASSACHUSETTS

Received June 6, 1939

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HARMONIES OF PRAISE

FOR A JUNIOR
CONGREGATION

A COLLECTION OF CHOIR RESPONSES
FOR CHILDREN'S SERMONS

Dedicated to the Junior Congregation of
The First Reformed Church (The Old First)
Seventh Ave. & Carroll St., Brooklyn, N. Y.



EDITED AND PUBLISHED BY

BENJ. M. CHASE

1233 57th Street,

1909

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PREFACE.



IN the First Reformed Church (The Old First) of Brooklyn, N. Y., there is an organized Junior Congregation. That part of the Sunday morning service given to the children is considered by all as most helpful and instructive. Just before the regular discourse, the pastor, James M. Farrar, D. D., delivers a short sermon to the children, after which the choir renders an appropriate selection.

May 1st, 1892, the undersigned was engaged as the tenor of the quartet choir, and was assigned the duty of procuring choir music for the children. To obtain music with appropriate words proved a difficult task. It, therefore, became necessary to collect, adapt and compose selections especially for the Junior Congregation. This book is the result of these efforts. With a few exceptions, the numbers are designed to be sung unaccompanied, and the work will be better understood if so rendered.

The author takes this opportunity to express his gratitude to many who have given valuable aid, also to those who have generously granted copyright privileges, and especially to those who have composed numbers expressly for this collection.

As my only means of vision is through the eyes of others, it has been necessary for my wife to spend many tedious hours in the preparation of this work. She has rendered a service of love, without which it would be impossible for me to give this book to the world.

BENJ. M. CHASE.

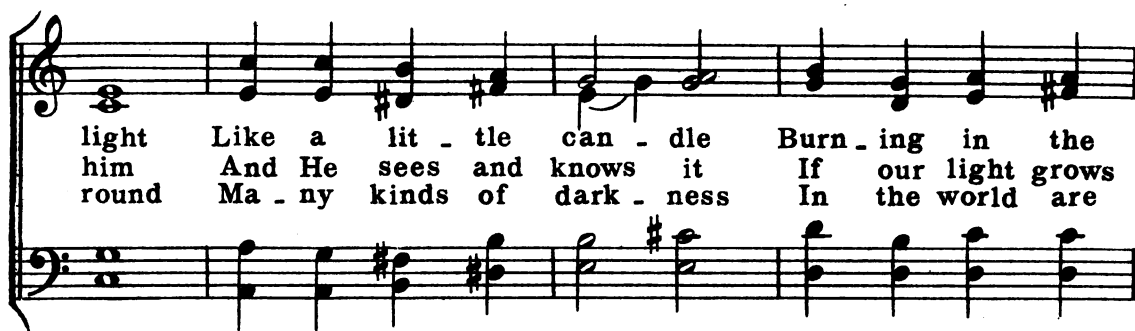
Jesus Bids Us Shine.

Emily H. Miller.

1.



Je - sus bids us shine, — With a pure clear
 Je - sus bids us shine, — First of all for
 Je - sus bids us shine, — Then for all a -



light Like a lit - tle can - dle Burn - ing in the
 him And He sees and knows it If our light grows
 round Ma - ny kinds of dark - ness In the world are



night; In the world is dark - ness, So — we must
 dim; He looks down from heav - en, To — see us
 found; Sin and want and sor - row, So — we must



shine, You in your small cor - ner, And I in mine.
 shine, You in your small cor - ner, And I in mine.
 shine, You in your small cor - ner, And I in mine.

A Child's Tribute.

Charles Fonteyn Manney.

Moderato.

2.

The wise may bring their learn - ing, The rich may bring their
We'll bring Him hearts that love Him, We'll bring Him thanks and
We'll bring the lit - tle du - ties, We have to do each

wealth, ——— And some may bring their great - ness, And
praise, ——— day, ——— And young souls meek - ly striv - ing, To
wealth their wealth, And young souls meek - ly striv - ing, To
praise and praise, We'll try our best to please Him, At
day each day,

some bring strength and health, — We, too, would bring our
walk in ho - ly ways, — And these shall be the
home, at school, at play — And bet - ter are these

King,
King,
King,
treas - ures, To of - fer to the King, the King; We
treas - ures, We of - fer to the King, the King, And
treas - ures, To of - fer to our King, our King, Than

have no wealth or learn - ing, What shall we child-ren bring?
 these are gifts that ev - - er The poor-est child may bring.
 rich - est gifts with - out them, Yet these a child may bring.

The Two Lives.

James Mc. Granahan.

Con espressione.

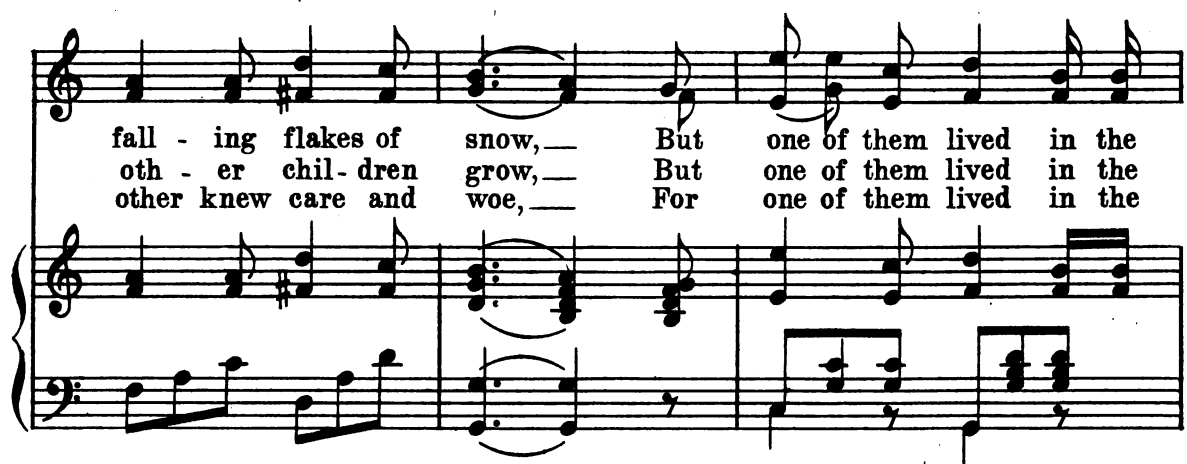
Two babes were born in the self-same town, On the ver-y same bright
 Two children played in the self-same town, And the children both were
 Two maidens wrought in the self-same town, And one was wedded and

3.

day, — They laugh'd and cried in their moth - er's arms, In the
 fair, — But one had curls brush'd smooth and round, The
 loved, — The oth - er saw thro' the cur - tain's part, The



ver - y self - same way, — And both seem'd pure and in - no - cent, As
oth - er had tan - gled hair. — The chil - dren both grew up a - pace, As
world where her sis - ter moved, — And one was smiling, a hap - py bride, The



fall - ing flakes of snow, — But one of them lived in the
oth - er chil - dren grow, — But one of them lived in the
other knew care and woe, — For one of them lived in the



ter - raced house, And one in the street be - low. —
ter - raced house, And one in the street be - low. —
ter - raced house, And one in the street be - low. —

4.

Two women lay dead in the self same town
And one had tender care,
The other was left to die alone,
On her pallet so thin and bare;
One had many to mourn her loss,
For the other few tears would flow,
For one had lived in the terraced house,
And one in the street below.

5.

Now Jesus, who died for rich and poor,
In wondrous holy love,
Took both the sisters in His arms,
And carried them above;
Then all the difference vanished quite,
For in heaven none would know
Which of them lived in the terraced house,
And which, in the street below.

The Children's Offering.

Wm. C. Dix.

Wm. G. Hammond.

4.

Beau-teous are the flow'rs of earth,— Flow'rs we
Yes, He will; for hearts that turn— To the
So our low - ly gifts to Thee,— Lord of

bring with ho - ly mirth,— Bright and sweet and gay,—
sick and poor, and learn— How to make them glad,—
earth and sky and sea,— Thou wilt kind - ly take,—

Will our Fath - er deign to own,— Gifts we lay be -
Shine like bea - cons on the strand,— Of the far off
Ev - 'ry lit - tle flow'r we bring,— Ev' - ry sim - ple

fore His throne,— On this hap - py day? —
hap - py land,— To the lost and sad. —
hymn we sing,— And not one for - sake. —

A Lesson From Nature.

William Cutter.

H. E. H. Benedict.

5.

SOP.
What if the lit - tle rain should say, So small a drop as
Doth not each rain drop help to form The cool, re-fresh-ing
TEN.
BASS

I shower, Can ne'er re - fresh these thirst - y fields, I'll
And ev'ry ray of light to warm And beau -

SOP.
tar - ry in the sky? What if a shin - ing
ti - fy the flow - er? Go thou, and strive to
TEN.
BASS

ALTO
beam of noon Should in its foun - tain stay, Be
do thy share, One tal - ent, less than thine, Im -
BASS

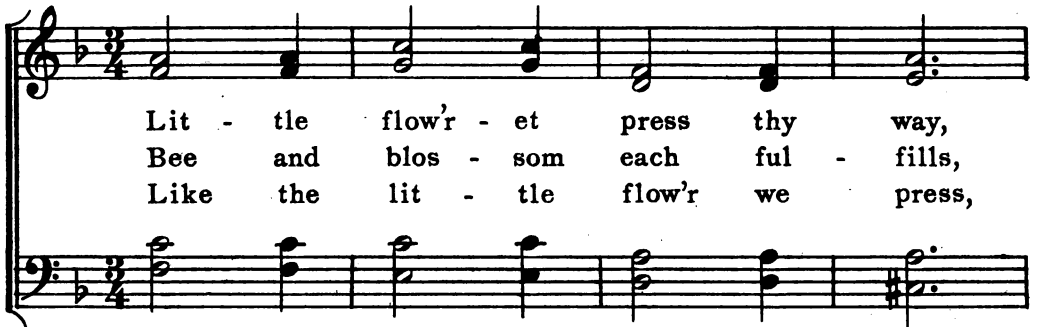
cause its fee - ble light a - lone Can - not cre - ate a day?
proved with stead - y zeal and care, Would gain re - wards di - vine.

Little Floweret.

Rev. B. R. Hanby.

B. M. Chase.

6.



Lit - tle flow'r - et press thy way,
Bee and blos - som each ful - fills,
Like the lit - tle flow'r we press,

più lento



Thro' the dark ness in - to day; _____
Pur - pos - es our Fath - er wills; _____
On to hope, and hap - pi - ness; _____

a tempo



Ev' - ry thing shall wel - come thee,
Child - ren should not i - dle be,
Ev - er in — God's pur - pose true,

più lento



War - - bling bird and bus - - y bee.
Sav - - iour let us work _____ with Thee.
Do - - ing all that we _____ can do.

Words taken from "Little Sacred Songs for Little Singers" by James R. Murray
Copyright 1892 by The John Church Co.

Remember Thy Creator.

S. F. Smith.

Rafael Navarro.

7.

Re - mem - ber thy Cre - a - tor While youth's fair spring is
To serve your Lord and Sav - iour While you are young and

bright, - Be - fore thy cares are great - er, Be - fore comes a - ge's
strong, - To strive in your be - hav - ior To turn from sin and

night; While yet the sun shines o'er thee, While stars the dark - ness
wrong, Will fill your life with glad - ness, Will fill your heart with

While yet the sun shines
Will fill your life with

cheer, While life is all be - fore thee, Thy great Cre - a - tor fear.
love, And earth with all its sad - ness Will be like heav'n a - bove.

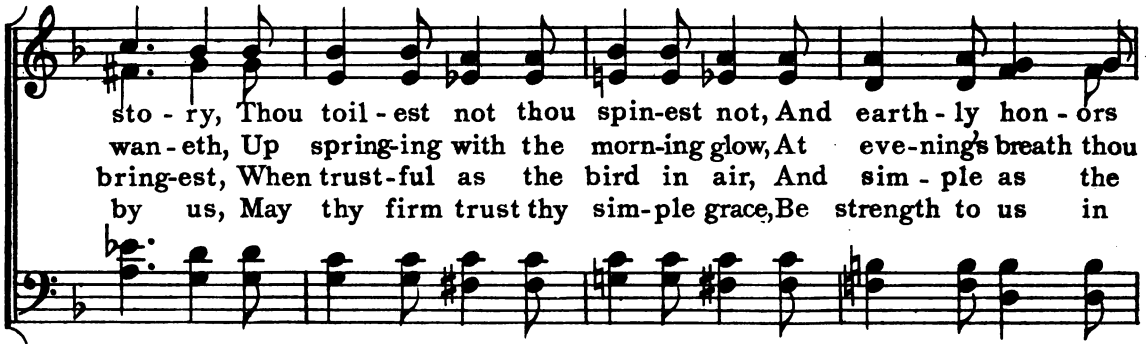
Childhood And The Lilies.

B. M. Chase.

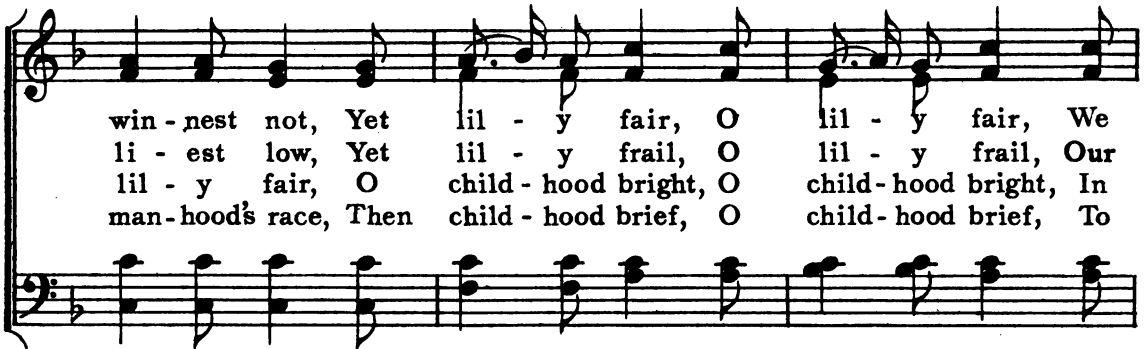
8.



O lil - y fair, O lil - y fair, How sweet thy beau-ty's
O lil - y frail, O lil - y frail, How soon thy beau-ty
O child-hood bright, O child-hood bright How sweet the joy thou
O child-hood brief, O child-hood brief Tho' swift thy days pass



sto - ry, Thou toil - est not thou spin - est not, And earth - ly hon - ors
wan - eth, Up spring - ing with the morn - ing glow, At eve - ning's breath thou
bring - est, When trust - ful as the bird in air, And sim - ple as the
by us, May thy firm trust thy sim - ple grace, Be strength to us in



win - nest not, Yet lil - y fair, O lil - y fair, We
li - est low, Yet lil - y frail, O lil - y frail, Our
lil - y fair, O child - hood bright, O child - hood bright, In
man - hood's race, Then child - hood brief, O child - hood brief, To



learn from thee Our Fath - er's care; His won - drous power and glo - ry.
Fath - er's mer - cy to re - veal, Thy fra - grance still re - main - eth.
songs that fill our souls with light, The praise of God thou sing - est.
light - en sor - row ban - ish grief, True joy shall still be nigh us.

God Is Every-Where.

Fred Schilling.
By permission.

9.

We lift our hap-py voic-es, As once a-gain we meet And
Oh, won-der-ful as-sur-ance, How blest it is to know We

praise our heav'n-ly Fa-ther, In-ad-o-ra-tion sweet, The
have a heav'n-ly Fa-ther, Who loves His child-ren so, For

ros-y flush of spring-time, Re-minds us of His care, And
not a spar-row fall-eth, With-out His lov-ing care, And

na-tures voice as-sures us, That God is ev'-ry-where,
He will bless and keep us. For God is ev'-ry-where,

Ev'-ry-where, Ev'-ry-where, In the earth, the sea and air,

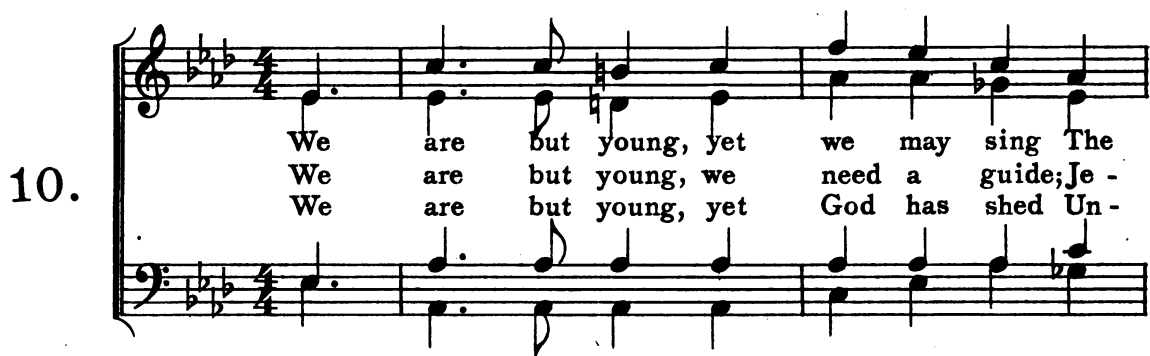


All His won-drous works de-clare God is pres-ent ev'-ry-where.

We Are But Young.

Dr. Eugene W. Marshall.

10.



We are but young, yet we may sing The
We are but young, we need a guide, Je -
We are but young, yet God has shed Un -



prais-es of our Heavh-ly King, He made the earth, the
sus, in Thee we would con-fide, O lead us in the
num-bered bless-ings on our head, Then let our youth and

And all the star-ry
Pro- tect and bless our
Be all de- vo- ted



sea, the sky, worlds on high.
path of truth, help- less youth.
ri- per days, to His praise.

Lift Up The Nation's Banner.

B. M. Chase.

FLAG SUNDAY.

Kücken.
Adaped by B.M.C.

11.

The musical score is written for a piano and voice. It consists of five systems of music. Each system has a treble and bass staff. The key signature is one sharp (F#), and the time signature is common time (C). The lyrics are written below the notes. The first system includes a measure number '11.' on the left. The lyrics are: 'Lift up the nation's ban-ner, The flag we love so / Lift up the nation's ban-ner, The dear red white and / Lift up the nation's ban-ner, O'er north and south to'. The second system continues with: 'well; Of free-dom peace and glo - ry, A nev - er-end-ing / blue; Long may it wave in splen - dor, And teach us to sur- / wave; May un - ion reign for ev - er, And naught eer rise to'. The third system has: 'sto - ry, Its stars and stripes shall tell: / ren - der To all that's good and true: Un - / sev - er This home - land of the brave:'. The fourth system has: 'furl the flag to breeze and sun, And let it float o'er'. The fifth system has: 'land and sea, To tell of bat - tes fought and won, For'.

Lift up the nation's ban-ner, The flag we love so
Lift up the nation's ban-ner, The dear red white and
Lift up the nation's ban-ner, O'er north and south to
well; Of free-dom peace and glo - ry, A nev - er-end-ing
blue; Long may it wave in splen - dor, And teach us to sur-
wave; May un - ion reign for ev - er, And naught eer rise to
sto - ry, Its stars and stripes shall tell: Un -
ren - der To all that's good and true: sev - er This home - land of the brave:
furl the flag to breeze and sun, And let it float o'er
land and sea, To tell of bat - tes fought and won, For

God, for God and lib - er - ty, To tell of bat - tles
fought and won, For God and lib - er - ty.

Heavenly Father Send Thy Blessing.

Christopher Wordsworth D.D.

Carl Reinecke.

12.

Heav'n-ly Fath-er, send Thy bless-ing On Thy
Ho - ly Sav-iour who in meek-ness Didst vouch-
Spread Thy gol-den pin-ions o'er them, Ho - ly
chil - dren gath-ered here; May they all Thy
safe a Child to be, Guide their steps and
Spir - it from a - bove Shield them, lead them,
name con - fess-ing Be to Thee for ev - er dear.
help their weak-ness, Bless and make them like to Thee.
go be - fore them, Give them peace and joy and love.

The Saviour's Call.

B. M. Chase.

Mendelssohn.
Adapted by B. M. C.

13.

O, Sav - iour dear, Thy voice di - vine, Is
Here in the dark - ness, I may stray, Be

call - ing me, Is call - ing me, It
Thou my guide, Be Thou my guide, Be

bids me all vain things re - sign, — And live for Thee, And
dan - ger near show me the way To Thy dear side, To

live for Thee; With joy O Lord I would o - bey, Thy
Thy dear side; Thee, would I serve, for serv - ing Thee Is

lov-ing call, Thy lov-ing call, O take me heart and
per-fect rest, Is per-fect rest, And in that ser - vice

soul, I pray, I give Thee all, I give Thee all.
I shall be, For ev - er blest, For ev - er blest.

Little Servants.

B. M. C.

B. M. Chase.

14.

Lit-tle knees should bend in prayer, To the God a -
Lit-tle hands with works of love, Ev-'ry day should
Lit-tle tongues the truth should speak, And their mak-er

ritard.
bove; Lit-tle thoughts as - cend-ing, bear Mes-sag - es of love.
fill; Lit-tle feet that swift-ly move, Run to do God's will.
bless; Lit-tle lips for - giv - ness seek, And each fault con - fess.

There Is A Friend For Children.

Albert Midlane.

B. M. Chase.

15.

There is a friend for chil - dren A - bove the
 There is a rest for chil - dren A - bove the
 There is a home for chil - dren A - bove the

bright blue sky, A friend that nev - er
 bright blue sky, Who love the bless - ed
 bright blue sky, Where Je - sus reigns in

chang - es, Whose love will nev - er die.
 Sav - iour And to His Fath - er cry.
 glo - ry, A home of peace and joy.

Gracious Saviour, Gentle Shepherd.

Rev. Wm. Henry Havergal.

B. Tours.

16.

Gra - cious Sav - iour gen - tle Shep - herd
 Ten - der Shep - herd nev - er leave us
 Let Thy ho - ly word in - stuct us

Lit - tle ones are dear to Thee, Gath - ered with Thine
 From Thy fold to go a - stray, By Thy look of
 Keep our spir - its pure and bright, Let Thy love and

arms and car - ried In Thy bo - som may we be.
 love dir - ect - ed, May we walk the nar - row way.
 grace con - strain us, To ap - prove what e'er is right.

Hear Us Holy Jesus.

E. Bunnett.

17.

Je - sus from Thy throne on high,
 Lit - tle lives may be di - vine;
 Lit - tle hearts may love Thee well;

Far a - bove the bright blue sky, Look on us with
 Lit - tle deeds of love may shine; Lit - tle ones be
 Lit - tle lips Thy love may tell; Lit - tle hymns Thy

lov - ing eye, Hear us, ho - ly Je - sus!
 whol - ly Thine, Hear us, ho - ly Je - sus!
 prais - es swell, Hear us, ho - ly Je - sus!

I'm Singing Too.

EASTER.

B. M. C.

B. M. Chase.

18.

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It features a treble and bass staff for the voice part, and a grand staff (treble and bass) for the piano accompaniment. The key signature has one sharp (F#), and the time signature is 8/8. The score includes various musical notations such as notes, rests, and dynamic markings like *rit.* and *a tempo*. The lyrics are printed below the voice staves.

'Tis Eas - ter time, and gen - tle spring, Bursts
Thro' mead - ows bright with blos - soms gay, The
The hap - py birds in ev - 'ry tree, Break
forth from win - ters i - cy pris'n; All na - ture smiles and
brook un - fet - tered glides a - long, It's rip - pling wa - ters
forth in one tri - um - phant chord, And sing in sweet - est
seems to sing, Re - joice, re - joice for Christ is ris'n.
seem to say, O lis - ten to my Eas - ter song. I'm
mel - o - dy, Their prais - es to the ris - en Lord.
sing - ing too, I'm sing - ing too, A joy - ful, hap - py, thank - ful lay, I'm
sing - ing too, I'm sing - ing too, For Christ a - rose this Eas - ter day.

Room For All.

Mrs. R. A. Turner.

Fred Grant Gleason.

Adapted by B. M. C.

By permission of Edward Schuberth & Co.

19.

Is there room for all the chil-dren, In the home a-
O so ma- ny ma- ny thous-ands, In the by-ways
Are the bless-ed por-tals o- pen, Ev-er wide and

bove, In the sweet and ho- ly man- sion, Of the
dwell, Some that nev- er knew the Sav- iour, Some that
free, And the way so plain be- fore us, Ev- 'ry

King of love? All to come and serve Him ev- er
love Him well; Hath He place in His dear man- sion
eye can see? Then we'll glad- ly, glad- ly fol- low

doth He free- ly free- ly call, In His king- dom
for the poor the poor and small, For the low- ly
at His ho- ly ho- ly call, For with- in His

where He dwell- eth, Is there room for all?
lit- tle chil- dren, Is there room for all?
hap- py king- dom, There is room for all.

Words taken from "Little Sacred Songs
for Little Singers by James R. Murray."

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There Dwelt In Old Judea.

CHRISTMAS.

J. P. Harding.

20.

There_ dwelt in old Ju - de - a, A _
And_ as the in - fant Je - sus, Lay _
For_ this was Prince Em - man - uel, Who _

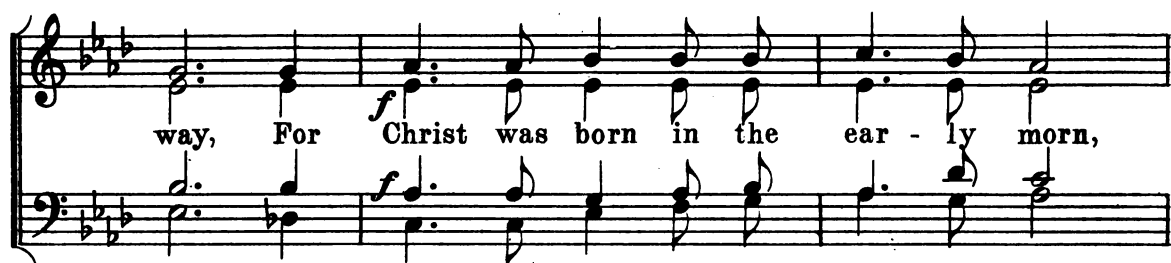
mai - den fair_ to_ see, The_ moth - er mild and_
on His low - ly_ bed, A_ cir - cle bright of_
laid a - side_ His_ crown, And_ all to win our_

un - de - filed, Of a bless - ed babe was she.
heaven - ly light, Shone round a - bout His head.
souls from sin, Un - to the earth came down.

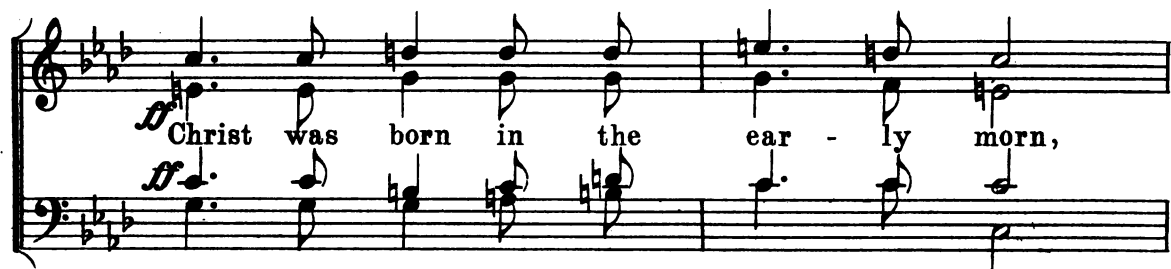
Chorus. After each verse.



p Oh! No - ël sing No - ël And mer - ry be al -



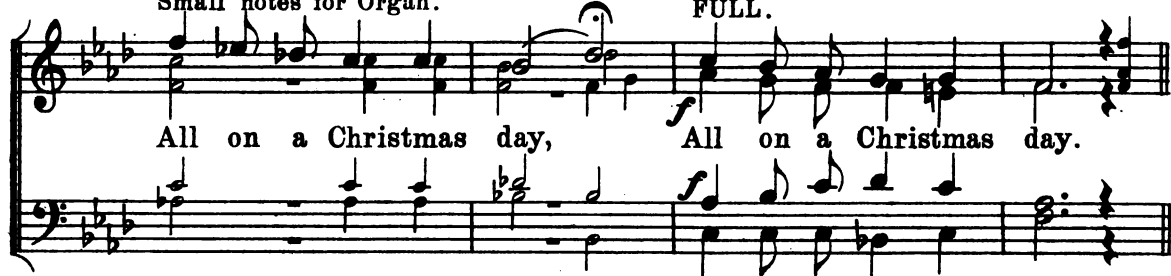
way, *f* For Christ was born in the ear - ly morn,



f Christ was born in the ear - ly morn,

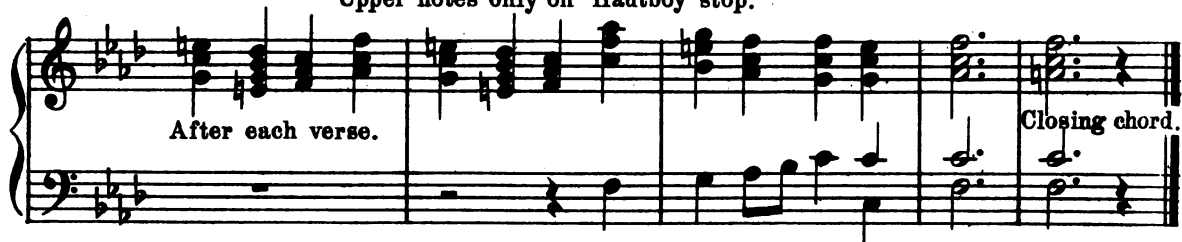
SOLO.
Small notes for Organ.

FULL.



All on a Christmas day, All on a Christmas day.

Upper notes only on Hautboy stop.



After each verse. Closing chord.

Come With Gladness.

Sadie Selmes.

Fred Schilling.

By permission.

21.

Come with glad-ness, come with glad-ness, Songs of praise and
Fair-est flow-ers in-ter-twin-ing, Pur-est blos-soms

hom-age sing, — Wide un-furl His roy-al ban-ner
of the spring, — Weave we in-to crowns of beau-ty

Loud pro-claim the Sav-iour King Pro-claim Him Lord and
For the brow of Christ our King The brow of Christ our

p
King — We come, — we come, — we come with songs of
King — We come, — we come, — we come with sweet-est

come we come with
come we come with

praise, — We come, we come with songs of praise, Pro-
flow'rs, — We come, we come with sweet-est flow'rs To

claim - ing Christ our King — We come, — we come, — we
 crown Him Lord and King — We come, — we come, — we

come with songs of praise, — We come, we come with
 come with sweet - est flow'rs — We come, we come with

come we come with songs of praise
 come we come with sweet - est flow'rs

songs of praise, Pro - claim - ing Christ our King. —
 sweet - est flow'rs To crown Him Lord and King. —

God Make My Life.

Matilda Betham Edwards.

R. Jackson.

22.

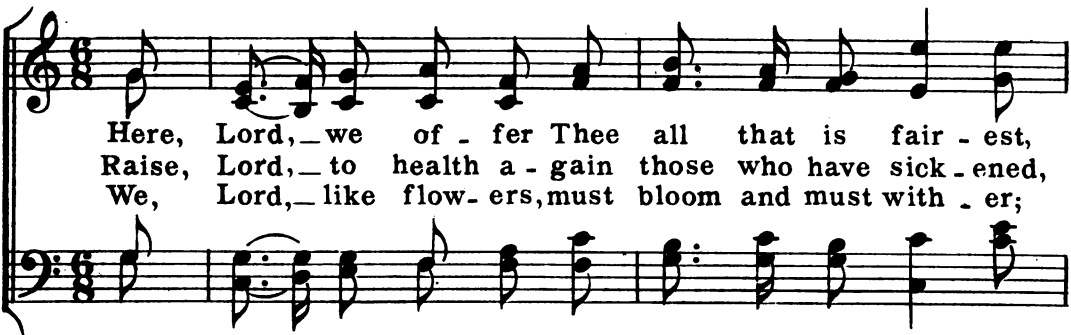
God make my life a lit - tle Light, With - in the world - to
 God make my life a lit - tle flower, That giv - eth joy — to
 God make my life a lit - tle song, That com - fort - eth the

glow A lit - tle flame that burn - eth bright, Where - ev - er I may go.
 all, Con - tent to bloom in na - tive bower, AL though the place be small.
 sad, That help - eth oth - ers to be strong, And makes the sing - er glad.


Flower Offering.

A.G.W. Blunt.

Louis C. Jacoby.

23.  Here, Lord,—we of - fer Thee all that is fair - est,
Raise, Lord,—to health a - gain those who have sick - ened,
We, Lord,—like flow - ers, must bloom and must with - er;

 Bloom from the gar - den, and flow'rs from the field; Gifts, for the stricken ones,
Fair be their lives as the ros - es in bloom; Give of thy grace to the
We, like these blossoms, must fade and must die; Gath - er us Lord, to thy

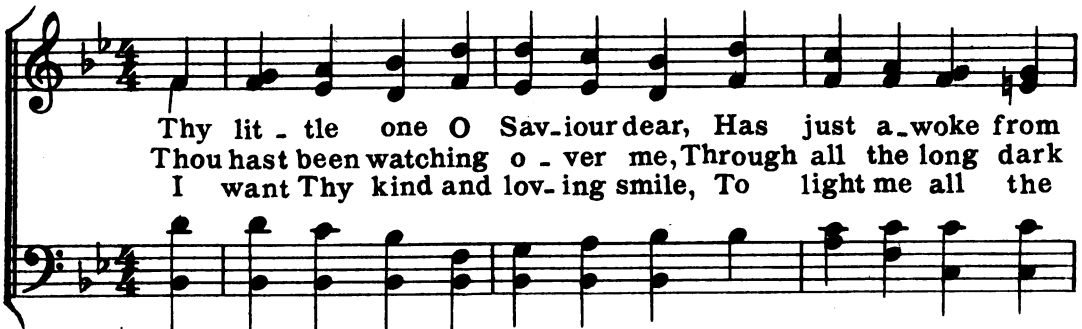
 know - ing Thou car - est More for the love than the wealth that we yield.
souls Thou hast quickened Glad - ness for sor - row and brightness for gloom.
bos - om for ev - er, Grant us a place in thy house in the sky.

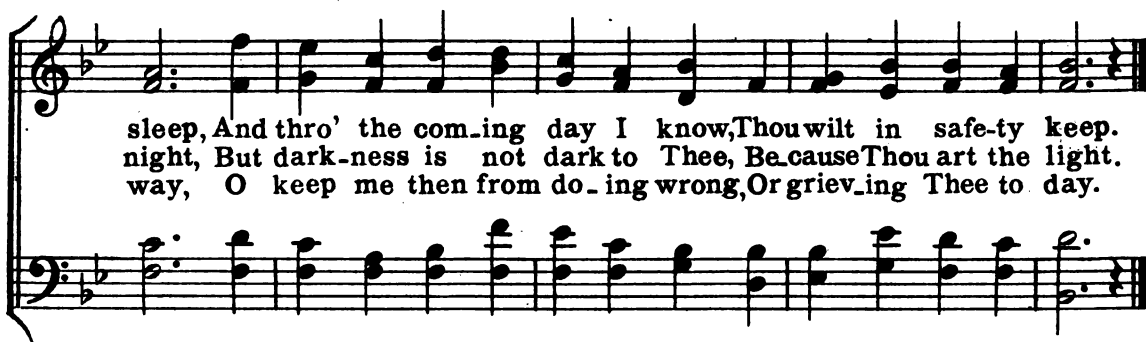
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Morning Hymn.

Mrs. H. P. Hawkins.

W. H. Monk.

24.  Thy lit - tle one O Sav - iour dear, Has just a - woke from
Thou hast been watching o - ver me, Through all the long dark
I want Thy kind and lov - ing smile, To light me all the



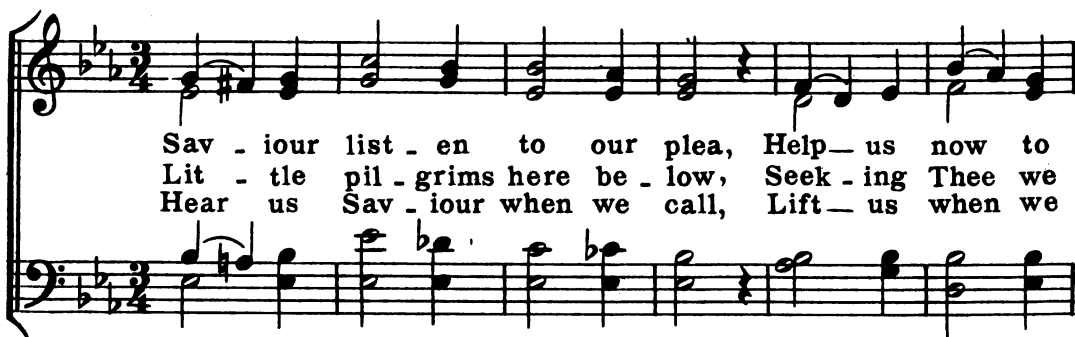
sleep, And thro' the com-ing day I know, Thou wilt in safe-ty keep.
 night, But dark-ness is not dark to Thee, Be-cause Thou art the light.
 way, O keep me then from do-ing wrong, Or griev-ing Thee to day.

We Will Follow.

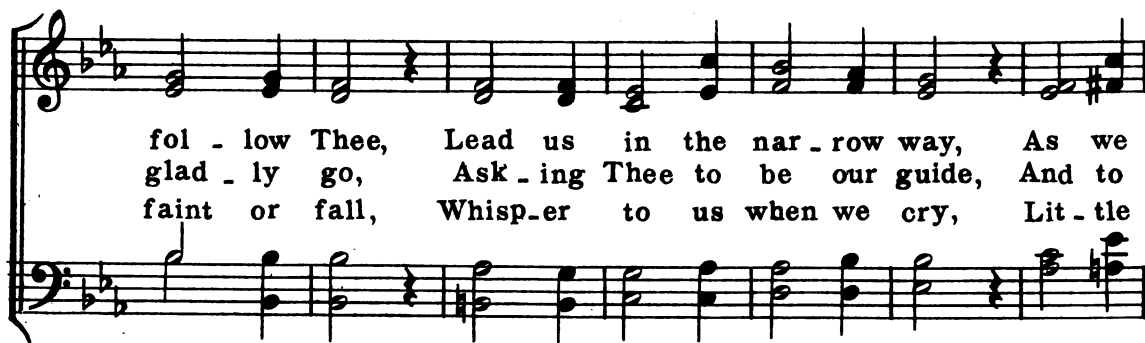
Martha C. Oliver.

Franz Abt.
 Adapted by B.M.C.

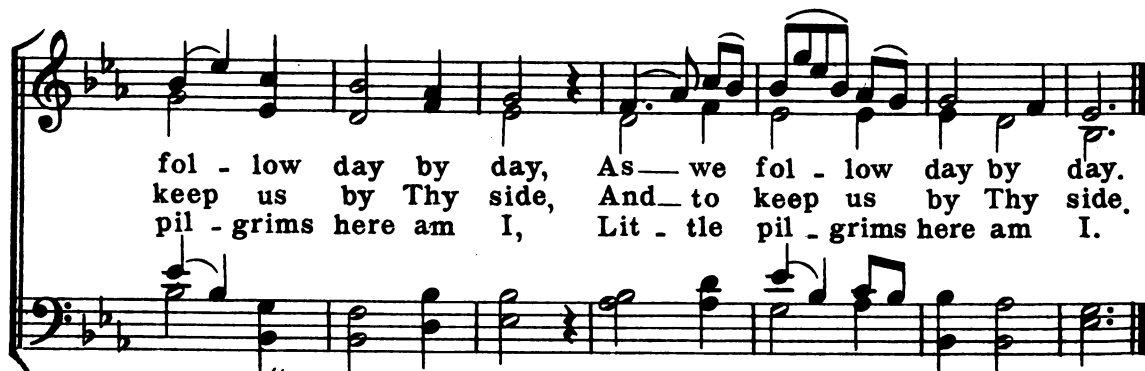
25.



Sav - iour list - en to our plea, Help - us now to
 Lit - tle pil - grims here be - low, Seek - ing Thee we
 Hear us Sav - iour when we call, Lift - us when we



fol - low Thee, Lead us in the nar - row way, As we
 glad - ly go, Ask - ing Thee to be our guide, And to
 faint or fall, Whisp - er to us when we cry, Lit - tle



fol - low day by day, As - we fol - low day by day.
 keep us by Thy side, And - to keep us by Thy side.
 pil - grims here am I, Lit - tle pil - grims here am I.

Words taken from "Little Sacred Songs for Little Singers" by James R. Murray.
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Loving Obedience.

B. M. Chase.

Wm. G. Hammond.

26

The Sav - ior loves the lit - tle ones, He
And as we fol - low, Lord with Thee To
O, take our hearts and make them pure, And

loves us — all, And we love Him and
lead the — way, Give us some ser - vice
Lord we — pray, That we more like Thy

He loves us
To lead the
And Lord we

would o - bey, O - bey His call, "Let
to per - form, For Thee each day, And
Son may be, From day to day, Then

child - ren come, for - bid them not," 'Twas thus He spake, We
ev - 'ry ser - vice Lord will help, To keep us true, For
shall our lives with joy o'er-flow, And all may see, That

ask Thee Lord in His dear name, Our souls to take.
i - dle hands will sure - ly find, Some wrong to do.
serv - ing God is hap - pi - ness, And come to Thee.

Jesus, Holy, Undefined.

Mrs. E. Shepcote.

B. M. Chase.

27.

Je - sus Ho - ly, Un - de - filed, Lis - ten to a
Let me nev - er say a word, That will make Thee
Make me Lord in work and play, Thine more tru - ly

lit - tle child; Thou hast sent the glo - rious light, Chas - ing far the
ang - ry Lord; Help me so to live in love, As Thine an - gels
ev - 'ry day; And when Thou at last shall come, Take me to Thy

si - lent night, - Chas - ing far the si - lent night.
do - a - bove. - As Thine an - gels do a - bove.
heav - 'nly home. - Take me to Thy heav - 'nly home.

Little Missions.

B. M. Chase.

Rafael Navarro.

28.

Though you may not cross the o - cean, To the land where
To the doubt-ing ones a - round you, To the wea-ry
Though you may not have great rich-es, And your tal - ents

hea - then dwell, And to them the won - drous sto-ry
and op - pressed, You can speak kind words of com-fort
may be few, You should give to God a por-tion

Of the love of Je - sus tell, You can be a miss ion-ar-y,
That will give them peace and rest; You can serve the old and fee-ble,
Of what He has giv'n to you; Lit-tle off-rings from the chil-dren,

There is much that you can do, All a - round are
You can go the sick to see, And your Sav - iour's
Are most pre - cious in His sight, He will take them

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It features a treble and bass staff with a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a common time signature (C). The melody is simple and accessible, with lyrics printed below the notes. The score is divided into four systems, each with a vocal line and a piano accompaniment line. The lyrics are in English and describe the mission of the church to reach out to the poor and the sick.

lit - tle mis - sions, That — the Lord has giv'n to you.
 voice will whis-per, "Ye — have done it un - to me."
 and — will bless them, As — he did the wid - ow's mite.

Blessings Of Early Piety.

Watts.

H. E. H. Benedict.

29.

When child-ren give their hearts to God 'Tis
 It saves us from a thous - and fears To
 To Thee al - might - y God! to Thee May

pleas-ing in his eyes, A flow'r when of-fered in the
 mind re - lig - ion young; — With joy it crowns suc-ceed-ing
 we our hearts re - sign; — 'Twill please us to look back and

bud, — Is no vain sac - ri - fice.
 years, — And ren - ders vir - tue strong.
 see, — That our whole lives were Thine.

Like Angel's Hearts.

Ida Scott Taylor.

B. M. Chase.

30.

Like an - gels' hearts so— pure and white, Our lit-tle
 Like an - gels' lips so— clean and pure, Our lit-tle
 Like an - gels' lives that— shine so bright, Our lit-tle

hearts should be, — If we would some - time go to
 lips should be, — That they may on - ly— speak the
 lives should be, — That we may car - ry— ev - 'ry -

heav'n, Dear Lord, to dwell with Thee; O Sav-iour keep us
 truth, And sing dear Lord, for Thee; O Sav-iour let us
 where, Some sun - shine Lord, for Thee; O Sav-iour let us

free from sin, As swift the days go by, That we the
 nev - er grieve Thy spir - it's love a - way, But may we
 fol - low Thee, All spot - less white as snow, And may we

Words taken from "Little Sacred Songs for Little Singers" by James R. Murray
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star - ry crown may win, That waits be - yond the sky.
on our path to heav'n, Grow bet - ter day by day.
dai - ly shine for Thee, Where - ev - er we may go.

Sabbath Day.

B. M. Chase.

Music from
"Song Stories for the
Kinder Garten."

31. Sab - bath day, Sab - bath day, In mer - cy giv'n,
Sab - bath day, Sab - bath day, Ho - ly and blest,
Sab - bath day, Sab - bath day, Com - fort so sweet,

For all earth to wor - ship Our God in heav'n;
To all earth thou bring - est Joy, peace and rest;
To our souls thou bring - est As here we meet;

Fath - er dear, Fath - er dear, Hear us we pray
Son of God, Son of God, Help us we pray
Ho - ly Ghost, Ho - ly Ghost, O, come we pray

As we, Thy child - ren praise Thee, This Sab - bath day.
To love and serve Thee bet - ter, This Sab - bath day.
And fill us with Thy spir - it, This Sab - bath day.

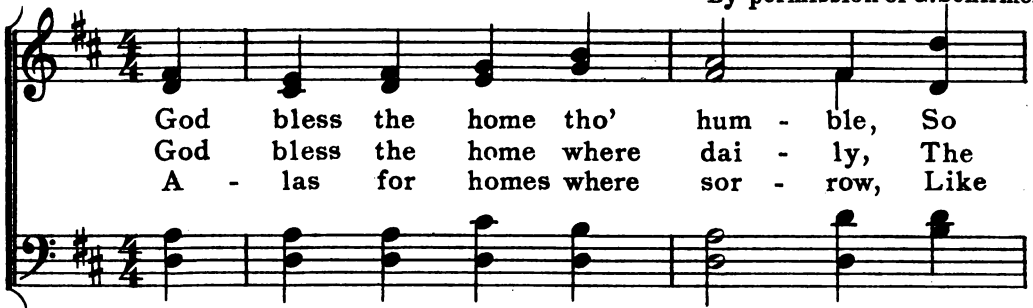
God Bless The Home.

Caryl Florio.

Adapted by B. M. C.

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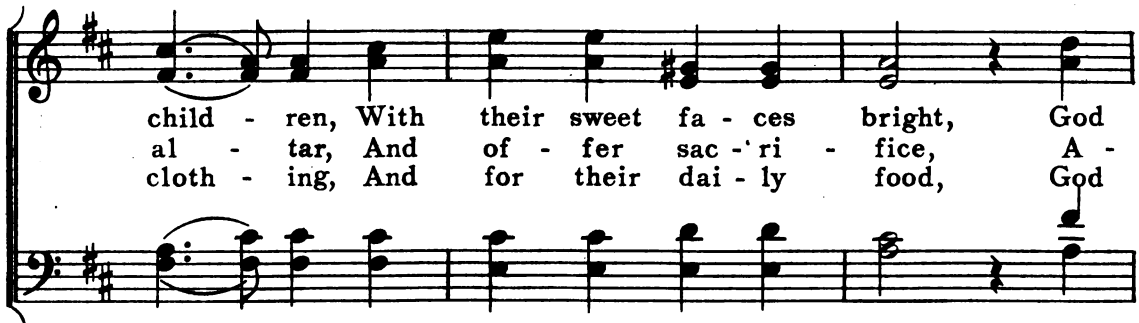
32.



God bless the home tho' hum - ble, So
God bless the home where dai - ly, The
A - las for homes where sor - row, Like



full of love's sweet light, God bless the lit - tle
songs of praise a - rise, Where all kneel round the
night doth ev - er brood, Where child - ren lack for



child - ren, With their sweet fa - ces bright, God
al - tar, And of - fer sac - ri - fice, A -
cloth - ing, And for their dai - ly food, God



bless the moth - er ten - der, God bless the fath - er too; God
las for homes where nev - er, Is heard the voice of pray'r; A -
bless the home He gives us, The home that gave us birth; God

make us fond and faith-ful, God keep us kind and true, God
 las! for homes when wor-ship, Is nev-er prac-ticed there, A-
 keep it pure and ho-ly, And make it heav'n on earth, God

make us fond and faith-ful, God keep us kind and true.
 las for homes when wor-ship, Is nev-er prac-ticed there.
 keep it pure and ho-ly, And make it heav'n on earth.

Lamb Of God, I Look To Thee.

Rev. Chas. Wesley.

Louis Spohr.

33.

Lamb of God I look to Thee, Thou shalt
 Let me a-bove all ful-fil God my
 Lov-ing Je-sus gen-tle Lamb, In Thy

my ex-am-ple be, Thou art gen-tle
 heav-n-ly Fath-er's will; Nev-er His good
 gra-cious hands I am: Make me Sav-iour

meek and mild, Thou wast once a lit-tle child.
 Spir-it grieve, On-ly to His glo-ry live.
 what Thou art! Live Thy-self with-in my heart.

Song Of Thanksgiving.

B. M. C.

B. M. Chase.

34.

Gone the per - fumed
Ev-'ry bless-ing

Gone the sum-mer
Comes from God's own

Gone the buds of spring, Gone the flow'rs
Bless - ings great or small, From God's hand

Gone From the God's

Come the au - tumn's
Bud and flow'r and

Gone the sum-mer flow'rs; Come the ri - pen-ing
Comes from God's own hand; Bud and har-vest, all

Gone From the God's
Come the gar-n'ring hours
Come at His com - mand.

rit.
Come the gar-n'ring hours, Come the gar-n'ring hours
Come at his com-mand, Come at His com-mand
Come the gar-n'ring hours,
Come at His com - mand,

a tempo

Come the au - tumn's ri - pen-ing, Come the gar-n'ring hours;
Bud and flow'r and har-vest all, Come at His com - mand;

Refrain.

Blest the sow-ing and the reap-ing, Rich the har-vest giv'n;

Songs of wor-ship and thanks - giv-ing, Sing to God in heav'n.

My Heart Is God's.

B. M. C.

B. M. Chase.

35.

My heart is God's lit-tle gar-den, And should
My heart is God's chos-en tem-ple, May it
My heart is God's, and His on-ly, He has

rit. a tempo

bear pre-cious fruit each day, In the love I shall give to
ev-er be free from sin, And the door should be ev-er
trust-ed it to my care, And has filled it with joy and

oth-ers, And in all I shall do or say.
o-pen, That His spir-it may en-ter in.
sun-shine, Which with oth-ers I am to share.

Christ, The Loving Gardener.

E. S. A.

Charles Fonteyn Manney.

Moderato.

36.

In our dear Lord's gar - den, Plant-ed here be - low, -
Noth - ing is too lit - tle, For His gen - tle care, -
Je - sus calls the chil - dren, Bids them come and stand, -
mf In His gar - den
Naught too lit - tle
Je - sus calls them

Ma - ny ti - ny flow - 'rets In sweet beau - ty grow. -
Noth - ing is too low - ly In His love to share. -
In His pleas - ant gar - den Wa - tered by His hand. -
Ma - ny flow - 'rets
Naught too low - ly
In His gar - den

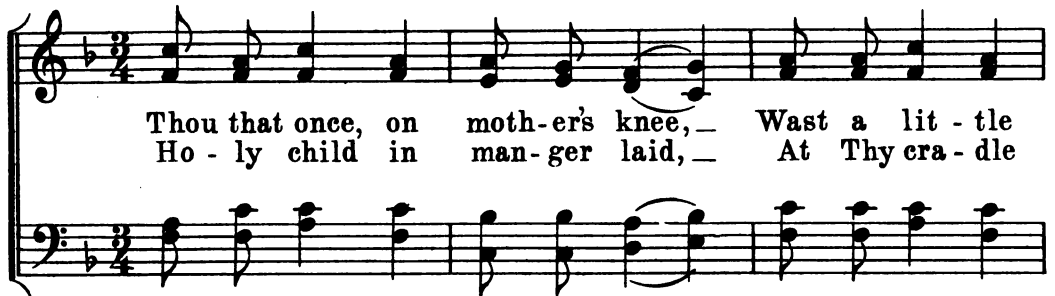
Christ the lov - ing Gar - d'ner, Tends these blos - soms small; -
Je - sus loves the chil - dren, Chil - dren such as we, -
Lord! Thy call we ans - wer! Take us in Thy care, -
mf *cresc.*

Loves the lit - tle lil - ies, As the ce - dars tall. -
Blessed them when their moth - ers, Brought them to His knee. -
Train us in Thy gar - den, In Thy work to share. -
mf *poco rall.*

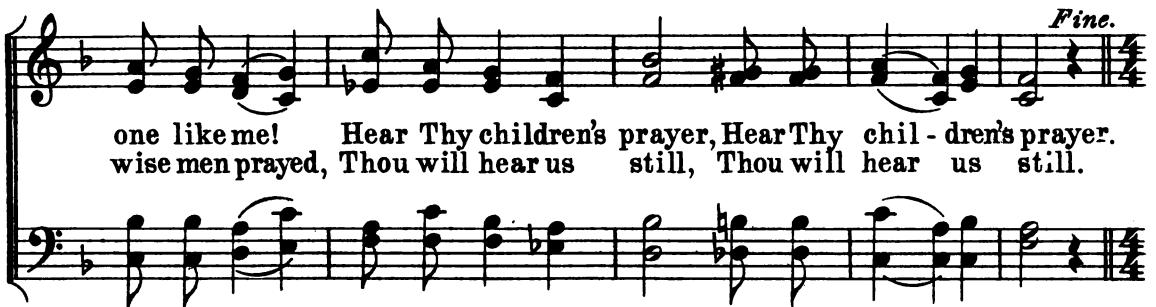
Thou That Once, On Mother's Knee.

B. M. Chase.

37.



Thou that once, on moth-er's knee,— Wast a lit - tle
Ho - ly child in man-ger laid,— At Thy cra - dle



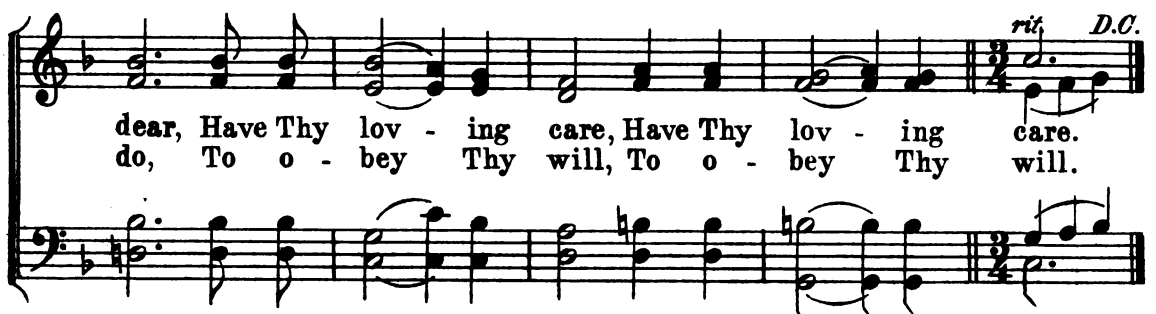
Fine.
one like me! Hear Thy children's prayer, Hear Thy chil - dren's prayer.
wise men prayed, Thou will hear us still, Thou will hear us still.



May our hearts be free from fear,— Know-ing Thou art ev - er,
Make us hum - ble, kind and true,— Day by day our faith, our



ev - er near,— And that all, O Sav - iour
faith re - new,— Teach us Sav - iour what to



rit. D.C.
dear, Have Thy lov - ing care, Have Thy lov - ing care.
do, To o - bey Thy will, To o - bey Thy will.

Songs of Praise.

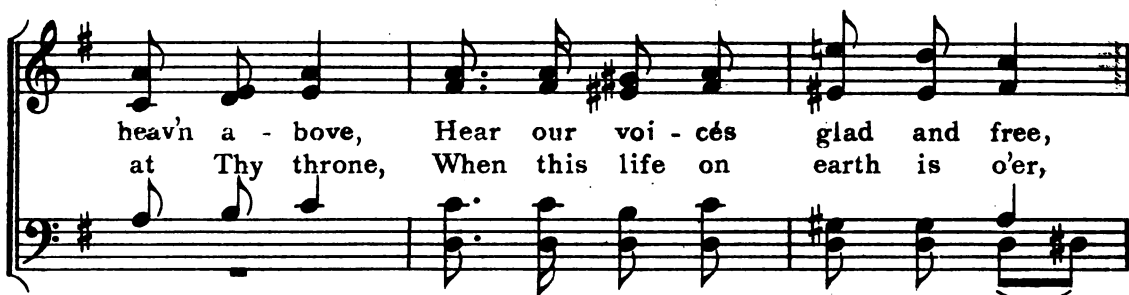
B. M. Chase.

From Roeckel.

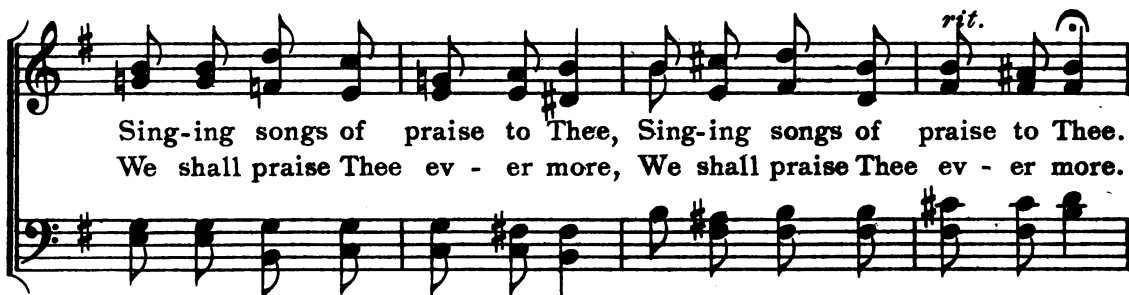
38.



Pre-cious Sav-iour King of love, From Thy home in
May we live for Thee a lone, Then with an-gels



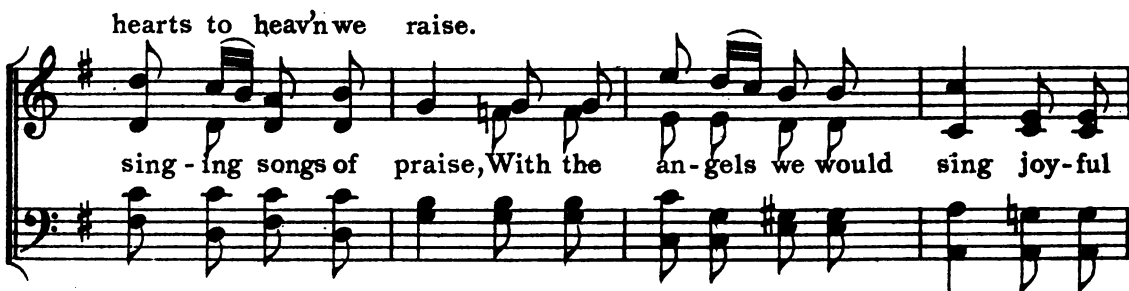
heav'n a-bove, Hear our voi-cés glad and free,
at Thy throne, When this life on earth is o'er,



Sing-ing songs of praise to Thee, Sing-ing songs of praise to Thee.
We shall praise Thee ev-er more, We shall praise Thee ev-er more.



Sing-ing songs of love and praise Thank-ful
Sing-ing prais-es, sing-ing prais-es, sing-ing prais-es, sing-ing prais-es,



hearts to heav'n we raise.
sing-ing songs of praise, With the an-gels we would sing joy-ful

prais-es lov-ing prais-es, Un to Thee our heav'nly King, Joy-ful

prais-es lov-ing prais-es, Ev-er sing-ing songs of praise.

Saviour, Who Thy Flock Art Feeding.

Rev. Wm. A. Muhlenberg.

Rev. E. S. Carter.

39.

Sav-iour who Thy flock art feed-ing,
Now, these lit-tle ones re-ceive-ing,
Then with-in Thy fold e-ter-nal,

With the shep-herd's kind-est care, All the fee-ble
Fold them in Thy gra-cious arm; There, we know Thy
Let them find a rest-ing place, Feed in past-ures

gent-ly lead-ing, While the lambs Thy bo-som share.
word be-liev-ing, On-ly there se-cure from harm.
ey-er ver-nal, Drink the riv-ers of Thy grace.

Like A Cradle Rocking.

Helen Maria Jackson.

A. H. Howard.

40.

Like a cra-dle rock-ing, rock-ing, Si-lent, peace-ful to and
And as fee-ble babes that suf-fer, Toss and cry and will not

fro, Like a moth-er's sweet looks drop-ping, On the
rest, Are the ones the ten-der moth-er, Hold the

lit-tle face be-low, Hangs the green earth, swing-ing,
clos-est, loves the best, So when we are weak and

turn-ing, jar-less, noise-less, safe and slow; Falls the
wretch-ed, By our sins weigh-ed down, dis-tressed, Then it

light of God's face bend-ing, Down and watch-ing us be-low.
is that God in mer-cy, Holds us clos-est, loves us best.

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Children, Hark! A Battle Song!

M. S. Burns.

B. M. Chase.

41.

Chil - dren hark! a bat - tle song! Lift the an - swer
 What a . might - y host you are, With your fa - ces
 Hope shall be your bat - tle call, Truth your weap - on

clear; Join the ranks and press a - long, Stay not i - dly
 bright! Sa - tan's war - riors wait a - far, Tremb - ling at the
 strong, If a - mid the charge you fall Fear no power of

here. Lit - tle sol - diers you shall be,
 sight. On then, lit - tle chris - tians, move,
 wrong; Christ the lead - er, se - eth you,

Fight - ing for the vic - to - ry; Lit - tle sol - diers
 In the strength of Christ a - bove; On then, lit - tle
 He will guard if you are true; Christ the Lead - er

you shall be, Fight - ing for the vic - to - ry.
 chris - tians, move, In the strength of Christ a - bove.
 se - eth you, He will guard if you are true.

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Little Hands, Work Away.

Martha C. Oliver.

B. M. Chase.

42.

Lit-tle hands, work a - way, Do God's ho-ly will;
Lit-tle voice, sing his praise, Raise a joy-ful song;

Find some task ev - 'ry day, And His work ful - fill, —
All your glad hap-py days, First to Him be - long, —

Lit-tle eyes, watch your chance, See what you can do,
Lit-tle feet, do not stray From the nar - row road;

Give a kind lov - ing glance, Keep the right in view.
Let your steps ev - 'ry day, Lead to God's a - bode.

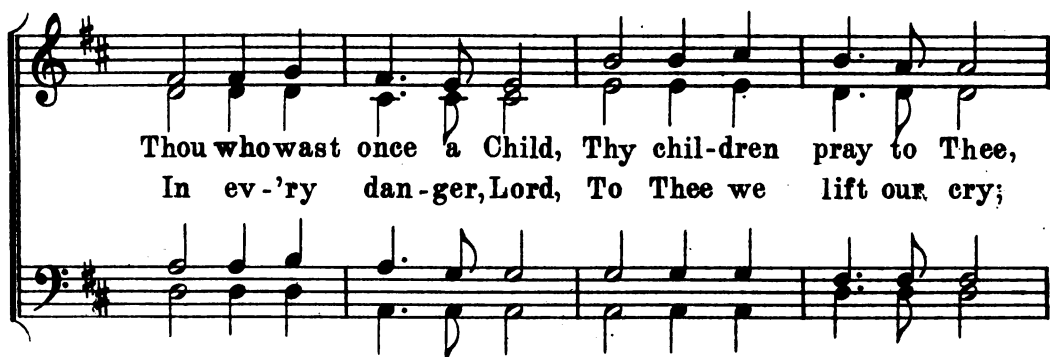
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Thou Who Wast Once A Child.

Susan Lavinia Emery.

Francois Behr.
Adapted by B.M.C.

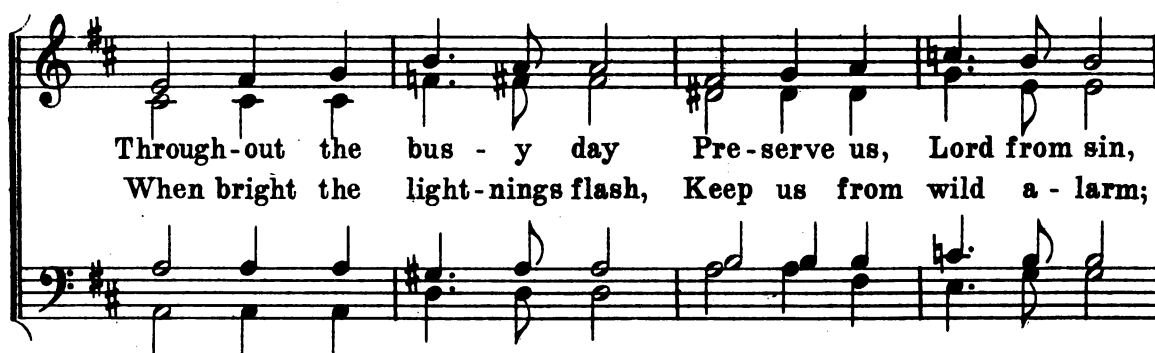
43.



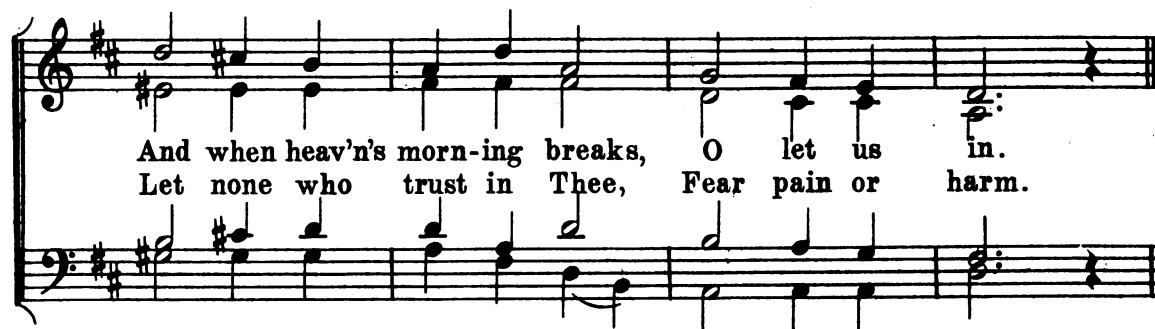
Thou who wast once a Child, Thy chil-dren pray to Thee,
In ev-'ry dan-ger, Lord, To Thee we lift our cry;



Help us, dear Lord, that we faith-ful may be.
Hear us, on land or sea, And be Thou nigh.



Through-out the bus-y day Pre-serve us, Lord from sin,
When bright the light-nings flash, Keep us from wild a-larm;



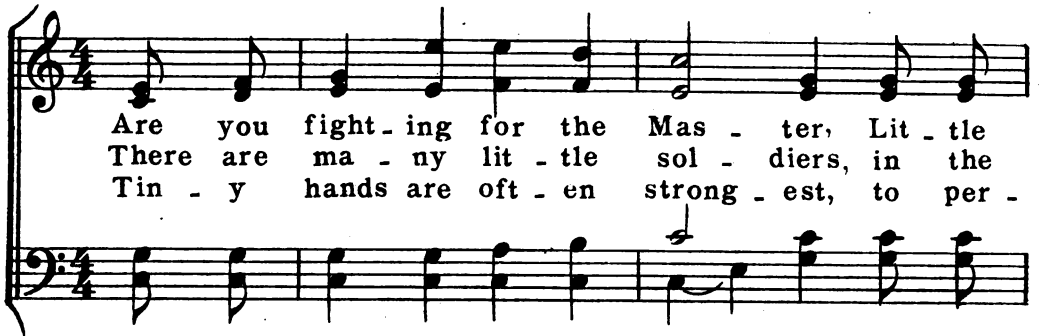
And when heav'n's morn-ing breaks, O let us in.
Let none who trust in Thee, Fear pain or harm.

Little Soldiers.

J. R. Murray.

B. M. Chase.

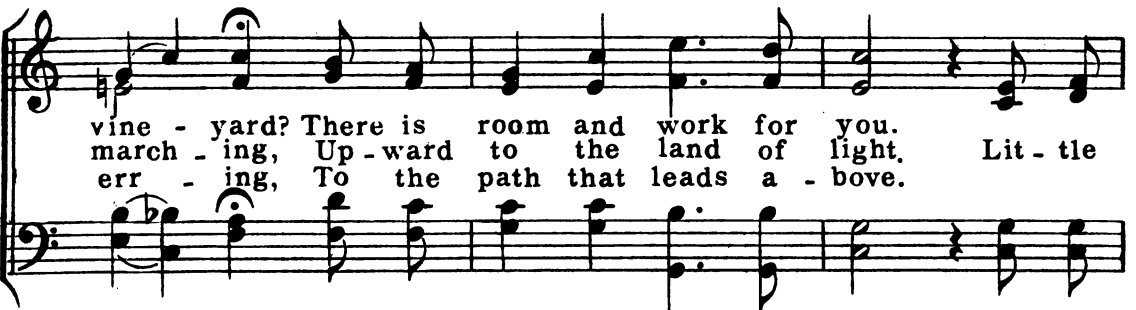
44.



Are you fight - ing for the Mas - ter, Lit - tle
There are ma - ny lit - tle sol - diers, in the
Tin - y hands are oft - en strong - est, to per -



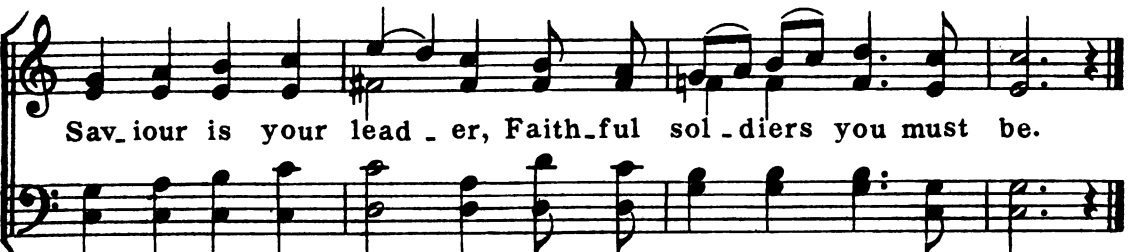
child - ren brave and true? Are you work - ing in His
might - y ranks of right, Ma - ny lit - tle ones are
form sweet deeds of love, Strong to draw the weak and



vine - yard? There is room and work for you.
march - ing, Up - ward to the land of light. Lit - tle
err - ing, To the path that leads a - bove.



sol - diers march - ing, march - ing - on to vic - to - ry, Christ the
marching on.



Sav - iour is your lead - er, Faith - ful sol - diers you must be.

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We Are Soldiers.

Mrs. R.A. Turner.

E. J. Hopkins.
Adapted by B.M.C.

45.

The musical score is written for a four-part choir (Soprano, Alto, Tenor, Bass) in G major (indicated by four sharps: F#, C#, G#, D#) and common time (C). The melody is primarily in the Soprano and Alto parts, with the Tenor and Bass parts providing harmonic support. The lyrics are printed below the vocal staves. The score consists of six systems of music, each with a vocal staff and a bass staff. The lyrics are as follows:

We are sold_iers young and earn_est, Fight_ing
Not to do our will at pleas_ure, Not to
We must con_quer each temp_tation, Ev_'ry
for a might_y King, Lift_ing high His roy_al
seek our own de_light, But be_cause we love the
e_vil great or small, For each foe to Christ our
ban_ner, Where the bat_tle e_choes ring.
Mas_ter, In His ser_vice we will fight. Je_sus
Mas_ter, Is the foe that meets us all.
leads us we will fol_low, Fol-low where our King has gone, Sol_diers
in His no_ble arm_y, March-ing marching marching on.

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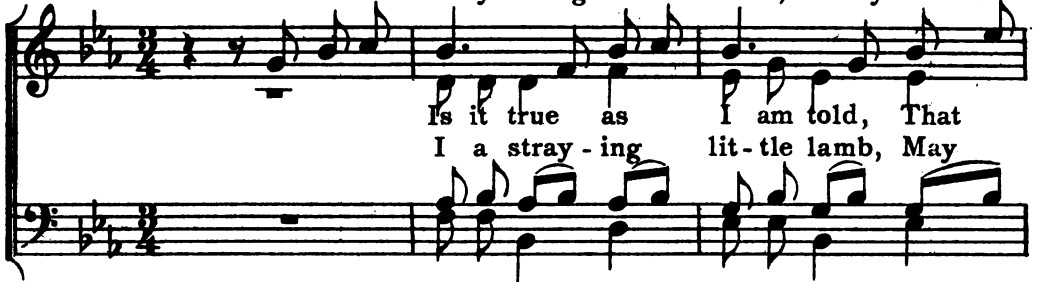
The Little Lamb.

Amelia M. Hull.

Barnby.

46.

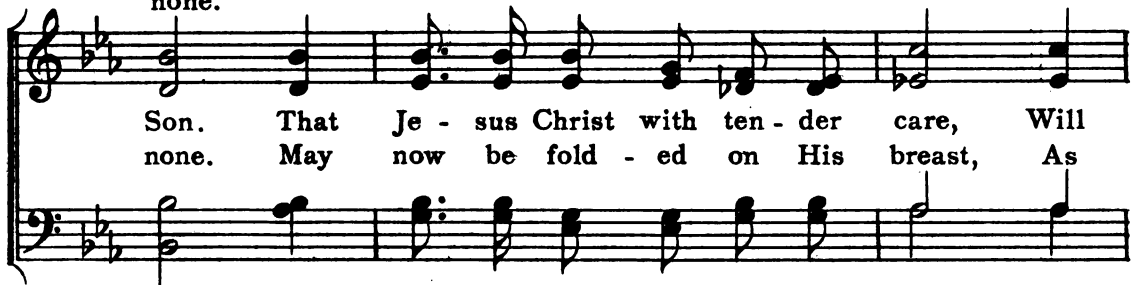
And is it true as I am told, That there are
And I a stray - ing lit-tle lamb, May come to



lambs with-in the fold, Of God's be-lov-ed
Je - sus as I am, Tho' good-ness I have



Son.
none.



Son. That Je - sus Christ with ten - der care, Will
none. May now be fold - ed on His breast, As

ritard.



in His arms most gent-ly bear, The help-less lit-tle one.
birds with-in the par-ent nest, And be His lit-tle one.

Jesus Christ 'Our Saviour.

Wm. Whiting.

John B. Calkin.

47.

Je - sus Christ our Sav - iour, Once for us a child,
Bless-ings Thou be - stow - est, If Thou dost with - hold,

In Thy whole be - hav - iour, Meek o - be - dient, mild;
'Tis for good, Thou know - est Each lamb in the fold;

In Thy foot - steps tread - ing, We Thy lambs will be
Thou dost hear them plead - ing, Grant - ing what is best,

Foe nor dan - ger dread - ing While we fol - low Thee.
And the lost art lead - ing To Thy pas - tures blest.

The Saviour's Lamb.

H. Louisa Von Hayn.

B. M. Chase.

48.

Since I am the Sav - iour's lamb, Thank-ful from the
 Guid - ed by His gen - tle voice, Where the pas - tures
 Ev - er I re - joice in this, He is mine and

heart I am, To my Shep - herd kind and good,
 rich re - joice, In and out I go and feed,
 I am His; And when life's short days are past,

And His lambs,
 When I thirst,
 To His fold,
 Who pro - vides me dai - ly food;
 Lack - ing noth - ing that I need;
 Safe He'll bring me home at last, by my in

For He knows
 To the fresh
 Ev - er there
 name doth call, and loves us all,
 feet He brings and liv - ing springs,
 heav'n a - bove, to share His love,

And His lambs by name doth call, For He knows and loves us all.
When I thirst my feet, He brings, To the fresh and liv - ing springs.
To His fold in heav'n a - bove, Ev - er there to share His love

Children's Service.

Adapted.
by B.M.C.

49.

Lit - tle feet may find the path - way
Youth - ful hearts may be the tem - ple
And in His e - ter - nal king - dom

Lead - ing up to God, Lit - tle hands may
For God's dwell - ing place, Child - hood's lips de -
'Mid the an - gel throng, Child - ren's voic - es

learn to scat - ter Seeds of truth a - broad.
clare the rich - es Of his love and grace.
sweet may min - gle In the glo - rious song.

Words taken from "Little Sacred Songs for Little Singers" by James R. Murray.
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When His Salvation Bringing.

Rev. Joshua King.

PALM SUNDAY.

Tours.

50.

When His sal - va - tion bring - ing, To Zi - on Je - sus
 And since the Lord re - tain - eth, His love for chil - dren
 But should we fail pro - claim - ing, Our great Re - deem - er's

came, The chil - dren all stood sing - ing, Ho -
 still, Tho' now as King He reign - eth, On
 praise, The stones our si - lence sham - ing, Would

san - na to His name. Nor did their zeal of -
 Zi - on's heav'n - ly hill; We'll flock a round His
 their ho - san - nas raise. But shall we on - ly

fend Him, But as He rode a - long, He
 ban - ner, We'll bow be - fore His throne, And
 ren - der, The tri - bute of our words, No,

let them still at - tend Him, And smiled to hear their song.
 cry a - loud, ho - san - na, To Da - vid's roy - al Son.
 while our hearts are ten - der, They too shall be the Lord's.

Happy All The Day.

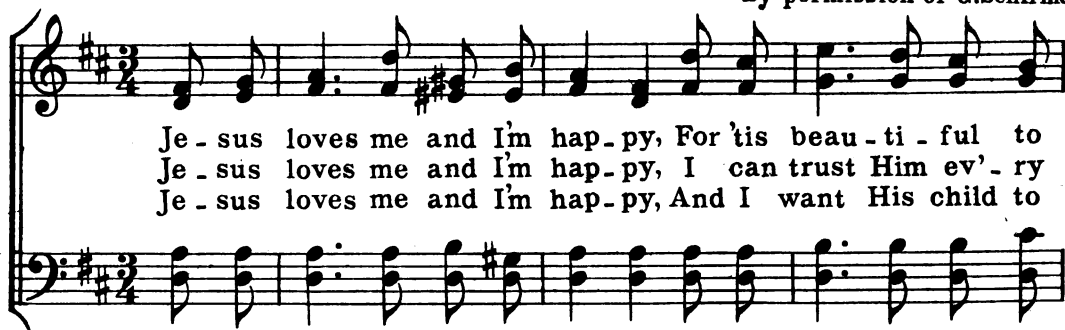
Ida Scott Taylor.

Samuel Reay.

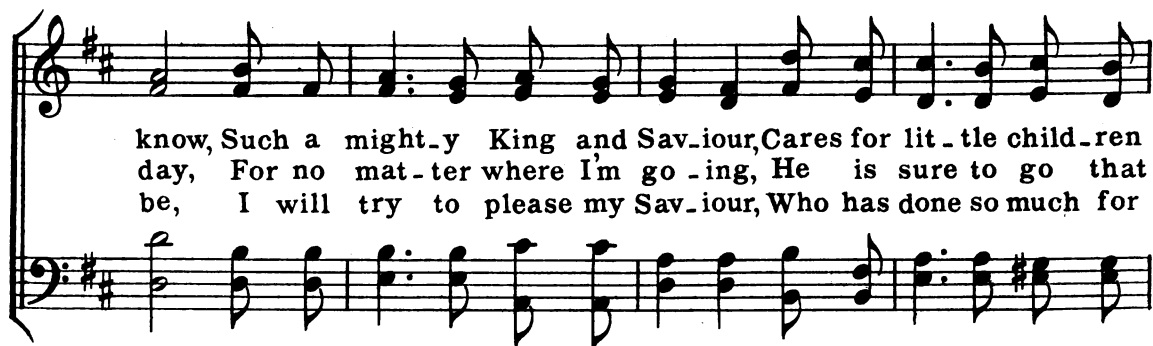
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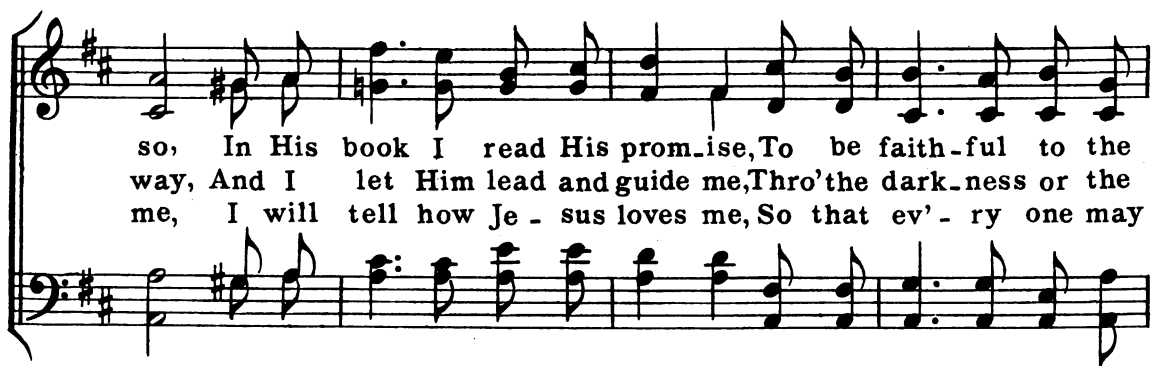
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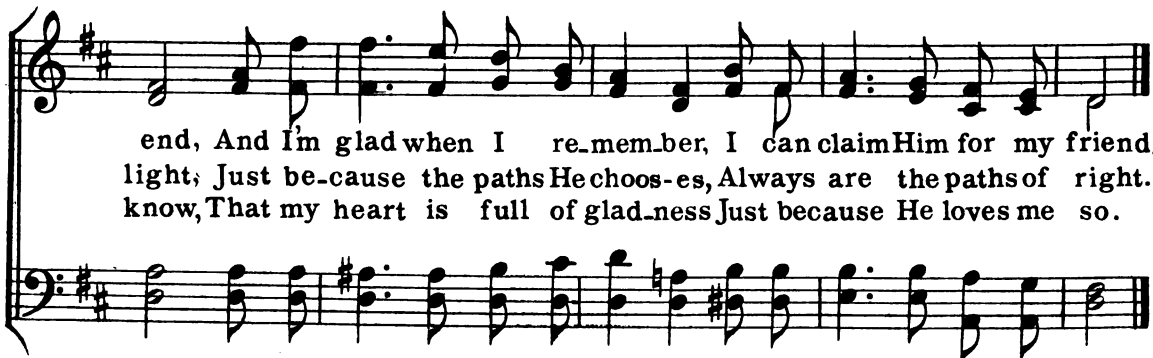
Je - sus loves me and I'm hap - py, For 'tis beau - ti - ful to
 Je - sus loves me and I'm hap - py, I can trust Him ev' - ry
 Je - sus loves me and I'm hap - py, And I want His child to



know, Such a might - y King and Sav - iour, Cares for lit - tle child - ren
 day, For no mat - ter where I'm go - ing, He is sure to go that
 be, I will try to please my Sav - iour, Who has done so much for



so, In His book I read His prom - ise, To be faith - ful to the
 way, And I let Him lead and guide me, Thro' the dark - ness or the
 me, I will tell how Je - sus loves me, So that ev' - ry one may



end, And I'm glad when I re - mem - ber, I can claim Him for my friend.
 light, Just be - cause the paths He choos - es, Always are the paths of right.
 know, That my heart is full of glad - ness Just because He loves me so.

Words taken from "Little Sacred Songs for Little Singers" by James R. Murray.

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I Love My Jesus.

Ida Scott Taylor.

B. M. Chase.

52.

I love my Je - sus more and more, When I His good-ness
I love my Je - sus more and more, When e'er His name I
I love my Je - sus more and more, Each day that pass-es

see, — And O, I won - der ev - 'ry day Why
sing, — And like the wise men from the east I
by, — I feel His peace with in my heart, And

He should care for me, — For I am such a
hail Him as my King, — He helps me speak a
blest in - deed am I, — My hands, my tongue, my

lit - tle child, So weak, so frail, so small, — I
gen - tle word, Or do a lov - ing deed, — And
heart and soul, Shall live for Him a - lone, — I'll

have no mer - it of my own, From Him I claim it all.
when I ask He al - ways gives The help and strength I need.
give my self to Him and He Will lead me to His throne.

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There's A Bright Land.

C. Frances Alexander.

J. Aboock.

53.



Ev - 'ry morn - ing the red sun, Ris - es warm and
Lit - tle birds sing songs of praise, All the sum - mer
Who shall go to that fair land? All who love the



bright — But the eve - ning com - eth on,
long — But in cold - er short - er days,
right — Ho - ly child - ren there shall stand,



And the dark cold night; — There's a bright land
They for - get their song; — There's a place where
In their robes of white, — For that heaven so



far a - way, Where 'tis nev - er end - ing day.
an - gels sing, Cease - less prais - es to their King.
bright and blest, 'tis our ev - er last - ing rest.

He Cares For Me.

B. M. C.

B. M. Chase.

54.

How strong and sweet My Fa - ther's
The thot to me great won - der
The lil - y has Thy lov - ing

How strong and sweet
The thot to me
The lil - y has

care, How ten - der - ly He list - - - ens
brings My cares such lit - tle things to
care, And when a spar - row falls 'tis

to mv plea; In an - swer to my
Him must be; But to the truth my
known to Thee, And in the name of

In an - swer to
But to the truth
And in the name

whisp - ered prayer I hear these gen - tle words, He cares for thee.
glad faith clings For in His book God says, He cares for me.
Christ I dare To ask O, God that Thou, Wilt care for me.


Sadly Bend The Flowers.

Randeggar.

55.



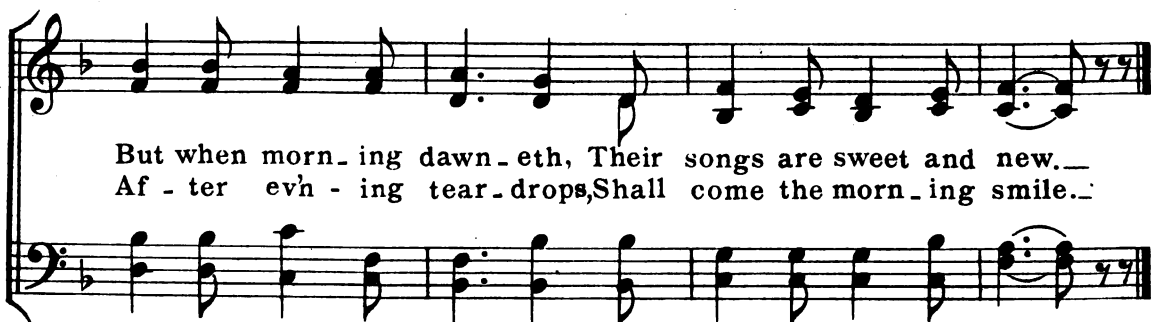
Sad - ly bend the flow - ers, In the heav - y rain, —
When a sud - den sor - row, Comes like cloud at night, —



Af - ter beat - ing show - ers, Sun - beams come a - gain; —
Wait for God's to - mor - row, All will then be bright —



Lit - tle birds are si - lent, All the dark night through,
On - ly wait and trust Him, Just a lit - tle while,



But when morn - ing dawn - eth, Their songs are sweet and new. —
Af - ter evn - ing tear - drops, Shall come the morn - ing smile. —

One More Year Of Blessing.

Mrs. M. A. Whitaker.

B. M. Chase.

56.

One more year of bless-ing, One more year of
All the count-less bless-ings, Crown-ing this glad
Sav-ior now a-dor-ing, 'Tis Thine own to

praise, Now a-gain with glad-ness, Thank-ful hearts we
day, Fruits of lov-ing la-bor, At His feet we
give, Hearts to love and serve Thee, For Thy work to

raise. Blest the faith-ful sow-ing, Blest the cease less
lay. He has been our help-er, Faith-ful strong and
live. Child-hood meek and trust-ing, Age and earn-est

care, Work-ing watch-ing, wait-ing, Home the sheaves to bear.
true, He will help us ev-er, Hope and faith re-new.
youth, Join to sing Thy prais-es Join to spread Thy truth.

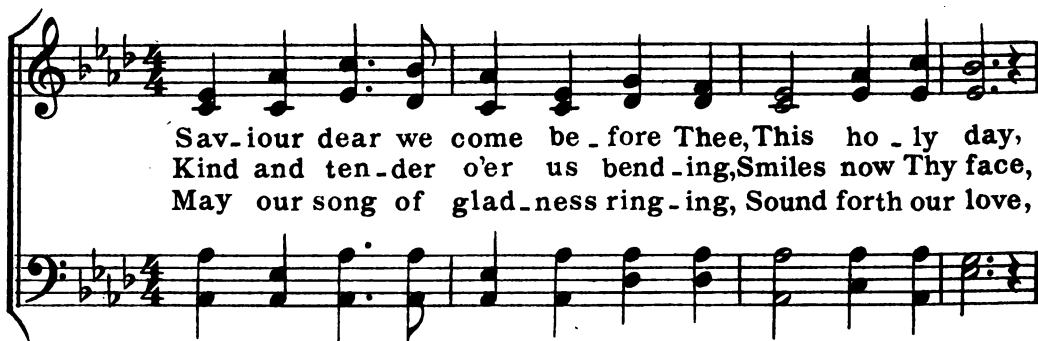
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Bless Us We Pray.

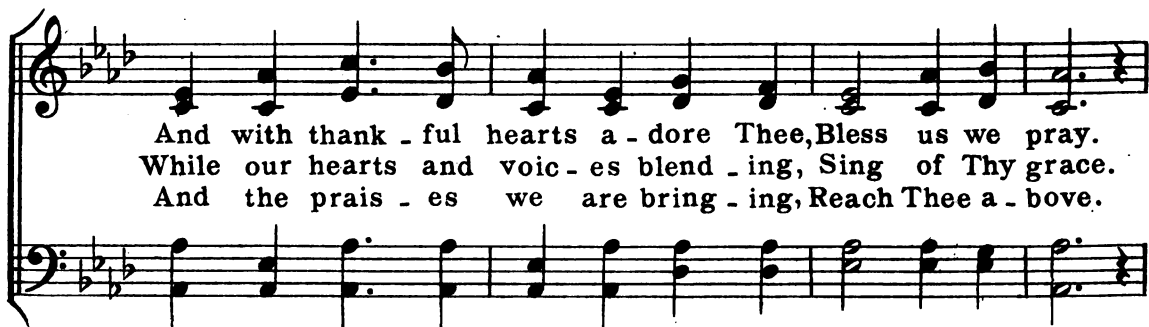
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J. R. Murray.

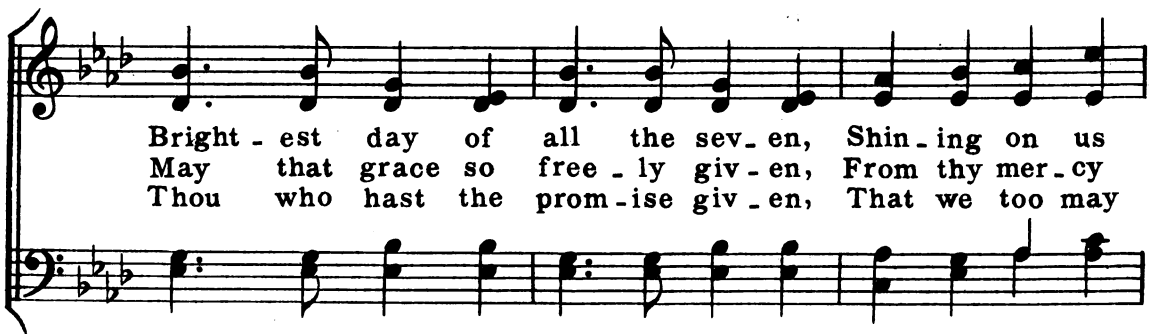
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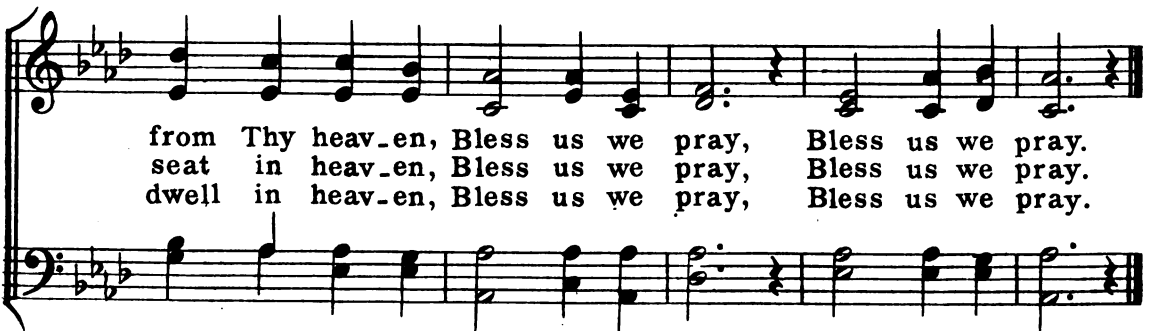
Sav-iour dear we come be-fore Thee, This ho-ly day,
Kind and ten-der o'er us bend-ing, Smiles now Thy face,
May our song of glad-ness ring-ing, Sound forth our love,



And with thank-ful hearts a-dore Thee, Bless us we pray.
While our hearts and voic-es blend-ing, Sing of Thy grace.
And the prais-es we are bring-ing, Reach Thee a-bove.



Bright-est day of all the sev-en, Shin-ing on us
May that grace so free-ly giv-en, From thy mer-cy
Thou who hast the prom-ise giv-en, That we too may



from Thy heav-en, Bless us we pray, Bless us we pray.
seat in heav-en, Bless us we pray, Bless us we pray.
dwell in heav-en, Bless us we pray, Bless us we pray.

The Lord Is Near.

B. M. Chase.

Abt.

Adapted by B. M. C.

58.

When an - oth - er day is done, And the stars at
All you do and all you say, At your work and
All your joys and griefs He knows, List - ens when you

set of sun, Watch you from on high, — Watch you from on
at your play, He can see and hear, — He can see and
tell your woes, Wipes a - way each tear, Wipes a - way each

high; When the east with gold - en ray, Brings to you an -
hear; When you're temp - ted to do wrong, Do not yield, be
tear; Count - less bless - ings we re - ceive, If we on - ly

oth - er day, Think the Lord, the Lord is nigh,
brave and strong, For the Lord, the Lord is near,
will be - lieve, That the Lord, the Lord is near,

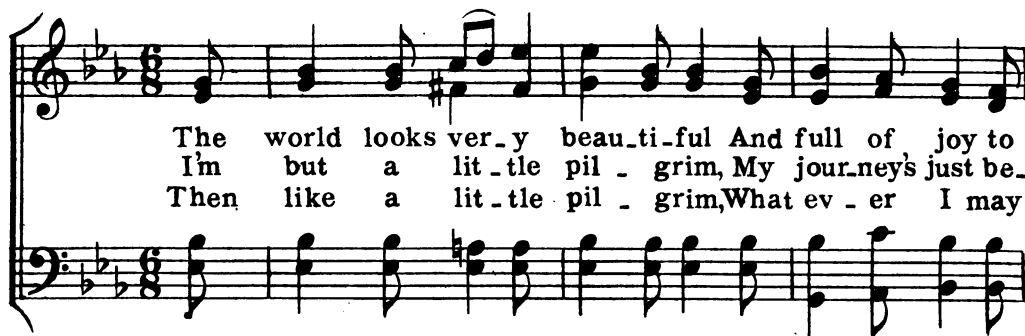
Think the Lord is nigh, Think the Lord is nigh. —
For the Lord is near, For the Lord is near. —
That the Lord is near, That the Lord is near. —

The World Looks Very Beautiful.

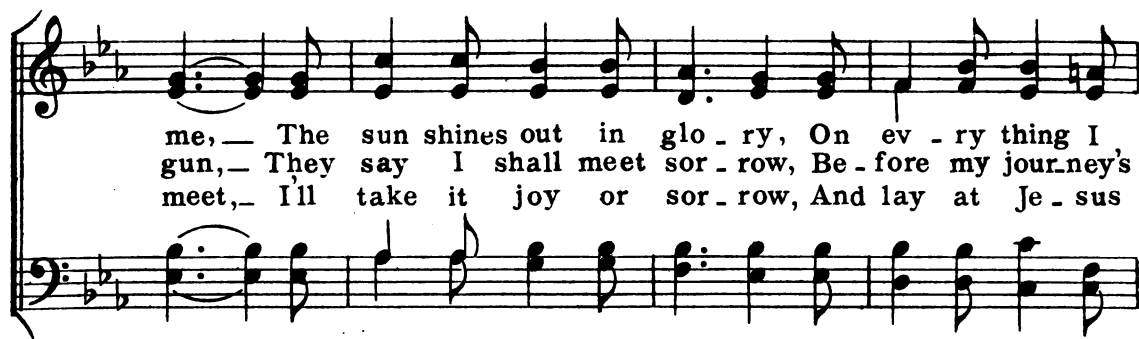
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F. C. Maker.

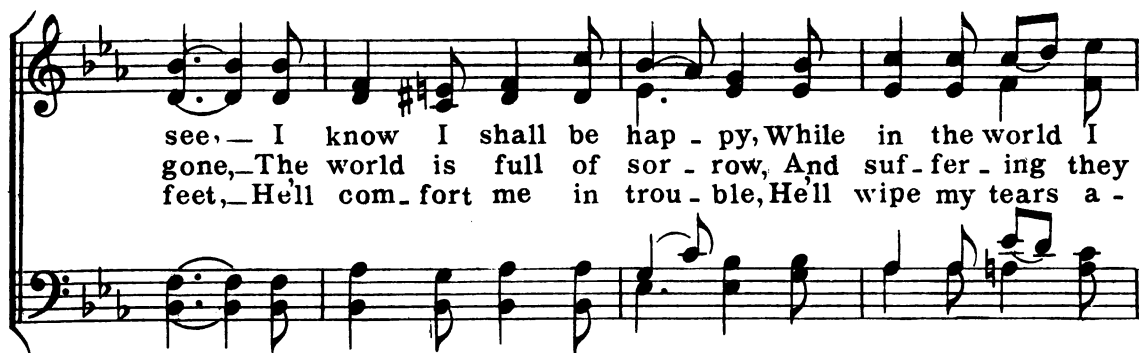
59.



The world looks ver-y beau-ti-ful And full of joy to
I'm but a lit-tle pil - grim, My jour-ney's just be-
Then like a lit-tle pil - grim, What ev - er I may



me, — The sun shines out in glo - ry, On ev - ry thing I
gun, — They say I shall meet sor - row, Be - fore my jour-ney's
meet, — I'll take it joy or sor - row, And lay at Je - sus



see, — I know I shall be hap - py, While in the world I
gone, — The world is full of sor - row, And suf - fer - ing they
feet, — Hell com - fort me in trou - ble, Hell wipe my tears a -



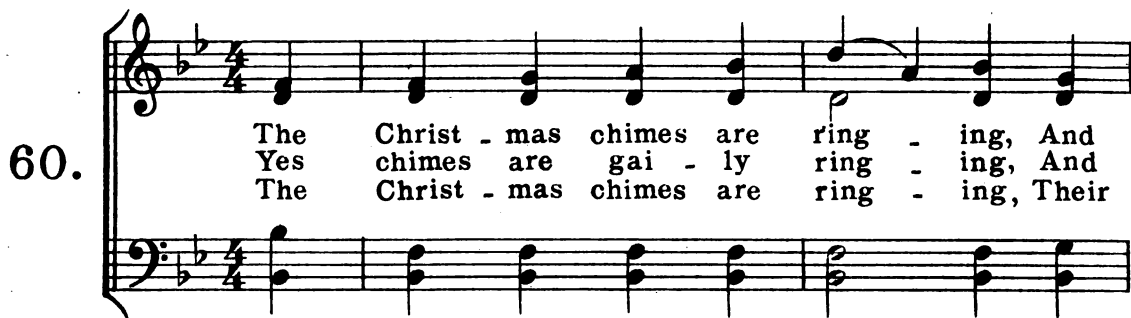
stay, For I will fol - low Je - sus all the way. —
say, But I will fol - low Je - sus all the way. —
way With joy I'll fol - low Je - sus all the way. —

Christmas Day.


Lillie E. Myers.

J.C. Inwright.

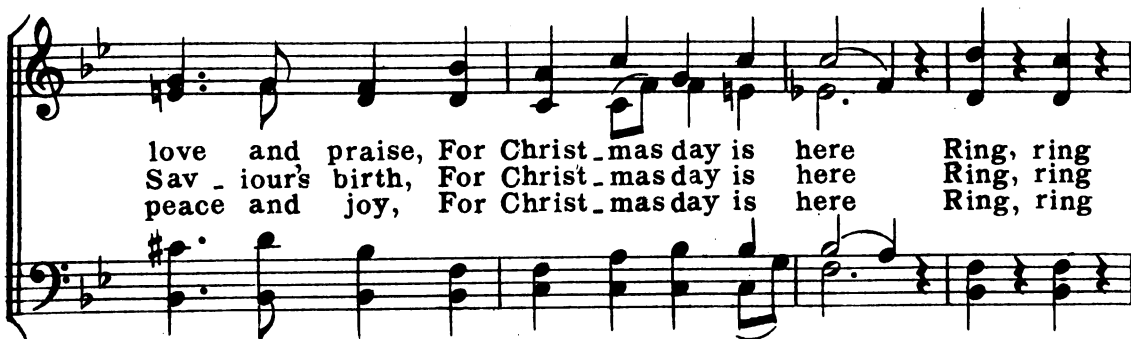
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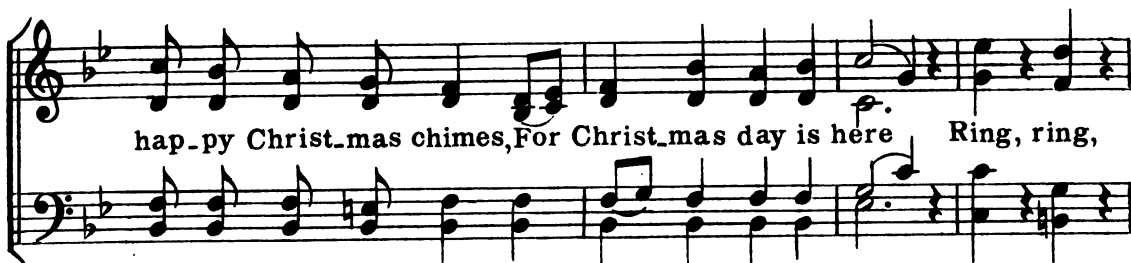
The Christ - mas chimes are ring - ing, And
 Yes chimes are gai - ly ring - ing, And
 The Christ - mas chimes are ring - ing, Their



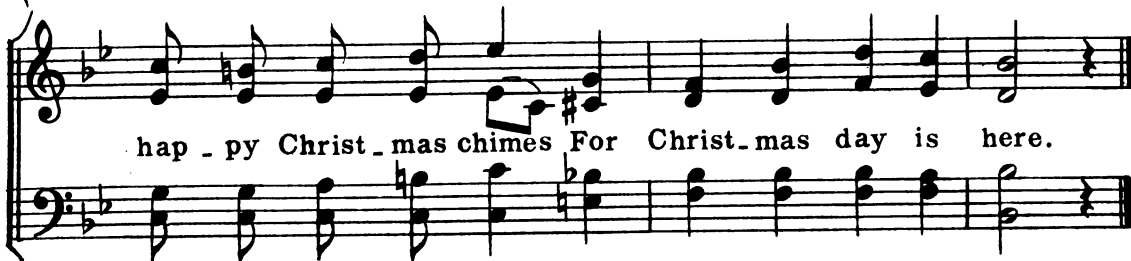
child - ren's voice - es sing - ing, A joy - ous song of
 thro' the world is wing - ing The sto - ry of a
 mel - low tones are bring - ing, Glad tid - ings of great



love and praise, For Christ - mas day is here Ring, ring
 Sav - iour's birth, For Christ - mas day is here Ring, ring
 peace and joy, For Christ - mas day is here Ring, ring



hap - py Christ - mas chimes, For Christ - mas day is here Ring, ring,



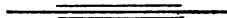
hap - py Christ - mas chimes For Christ - mas day is here.

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